THE LIBERATOR

"COMRADES, LET US ALL UNITE."

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'OLD JACK IS DEAD'

Just the Death of a Wage-Slave, That's All.

"Old Jack is dead!"

After years of bitter penury and struggle, long wrestles with want and hard conflicts with life, death has claimed him for his own.

No bells are tolled to record the event. No crape adorns the latch of his rickety door. No voice is hushed as the busy throng sweeps by the house. No work of floral art mingles its fragrance with more familiar odors of the locality. No liveried servants drive slowly to the spot. No reporter of the daily press visits the scene. No black-coated time server is there to expound the decrees of a bourgeois providence. No flags fly at half-mast.

Yet over his lifeless corpse tears of sorrow are shed. His wife and children survive him. They inherit his care, his poverty, his despair. His will needs no surrogate, evokes no contests. The heirs of his misery are undisturbed. In their aching hearts there is a void as great as if told to the world by inverted column rules. In that republic, bounded by four bleak walls, its head lies low.

His eulogy? A widow's tears. His requiem? Children's groans. His epitaph? "Unknown." His funeral cortege?

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
'Tis only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Unnotable, but not unnoticed.

"Old Jack is dead!" remarks one.

"Poor devil," sympathetically says another.

Nor yet altogether unmissed.

"Where's Jack?"

"Dead!"

"Well, he's out of trouble."

And yet, his death is not a mere disappearance of a ripple from the stream of life. Even "Old Jack" has his immortality.

True, no flowers from millionaires' conservatories decorated his room. No city turned out to see his remains borne by. Wall street pursues the even tenor of its way, banks remain open, notes are shaven as usual.

Yet there are those whose hearts grow softer at the remembrance of his face, whose pulses beat quicker at the thought of his cheery smile, whose better natures are stirred as some memory of a past kindness is brought before them by his name.

His family loved him! In that state he sat enthroned; loving hands had crowned him king; the law of love was as absolute as if backed by force.

He was only a mechanic!

Year after year he had toiled on—for what? Not honor, nor power, nor fame. No ambition filled his brain; no thought of speculation occupied his thoughts. Nor was it love for life, for life to him had but few halcyon days. All he had asked for was comforts for his loved ones.

For them he slaved from early morn till evening shade; for them he plod on through all weather, through failing strength, through days of waning health, and denied himself. Yet ever true to his manhood, true to his trust, to his name—poor as it was!

Old Jack had his pride. He had conversed with no titled premier; had obsequiously bowed in no gilted drawing room, nor feasted with kings. He had that rare and ancient pride—the pride of a man.

He had the pride of a free man—he thought!

He loved to talk of doing right and scorning consequences; of manly independence; of standing by your fellows; of the sacred right of conscience!

Theoretically, Old Jack was a noble type of a free man.

But, practically?

He was a mechanic!

Around every act of his life the silken cords of family ties were woven. They held him to the bench when failing strength protested, when his eyesight grew dim, his aching limbs longed for rest. They bound him there when the fever was surging through his veins. They were still more powerful.

When his manly pride was trampled on, when with supercilious taunt he was bid to hurry up or go elsewhere, when some overling cursed his failing skill, they bound him down to meekness!

How oft had he inwardly boiled with desire to assert his independence, to assert his cherished convictions, to defend some comrade from oppression, to rebuke insolence to some young girl dependent upon her toil!

But—bread and butter!

Bread and butter for those he loved, whose lives were dependent upon his labor, and his labor upon his meekness.

Many were the inward battles he had. Conflicts as fierce and destructive as any ever waged on southern soil—fierce and destructive, because each one saw him wounded, maimed, fatally injured in some vital spot. Wounded in heart, maimed in his ideal of independence, injured in feeling that each struggle but left him weaker.

Still he was a freeman!

Could he not go and come as he would?

Were his religious views obnoxious to his pious employer? Did his acts of generous devotion hide under a rough oath, instead of robbing his fellow creatures under the guise of long prayers? Were his political views opposed to those of his "boss?" And did he freely express them? He could exercise his freedom by looking up a new master!

Why should he stultify himself, disown his nature, disinherit his manhood? There was no legal compulsion! He had theoretic freedom! Could he not go elsewhere? True, but was he sure of staying elsewhere?

So he slaved on and talked of freedom!

He fought his battles—and won.

Aye, won!

For in the thousands of such fierce struggles daily going on, where the energy of life is little by little sapped at the trunk, where each new generation sees itself the inheritor of past suffering, there is at last a point attained where the rebound begins.

Old Jack, by dint of hard and ceaseless toil, was worn out at fifty. Twenty years of life were still due him. Through no fault of his, rather through his nobler impulses which bound him to the wheel, they were lost.

Lost! To him only! They are on interest! Every lowly death from the ranks of his comrades increases the sum total—and the interest.

For old Jack toll no bells! Close no banks! Make no parade

(Continued on page 4.)

WHO FOOT THE RICH LOAFERS BILLS?

How They Grind Their Dollars Out of Little Children's Bones.

THE RICH A BLESSING TO THE POOR.

The poet, in his wildest imagination in depicting the gorgeous splendor of Lalla Rook and her possessions, in the Vale of Cashmere, conceived of no such voluptuousness and splendor as that displayed in the palace of William Astor, where were gathered so many millionaires and heiresses to witness the marriage of his daughter, Miss Carrie.

Emerson says the first thing after meeting a person is to "wonder how he gets his living." And those who are pinching and economizing may well wonder the source of so much wealth.

Let us see. Watch that doctor yonder, as he wends his way through that wretched, dirty, dismal alley. What is he muttering? "These wretched paupers, the miserable creatures, they are not worth saving. Why, a practice in one well-to-do family is worth more than a hundred of them." By this time he has reached a very dilapidated house in a dilapidated alley of poverty. He knocks, not very gently upon the rickety door, and is admitted by a group of frowsley-haired, not very dirty children, who look ominously at the little satchel which he carries in his hand, wondering if he is some nice gentleman who has been sent by the charity board with breakfast, as they have had nothing to eat but a bit of stale bread for two days past. But alas! for them, the "nice" gentleman is only the doctor, who brushes past them in great apparent haste to the bed of their sick father, stands a moment and notes a decided change for the worst. Higher fever, shorter breathing, then speaks in a voice mingled with profundity and disgust: "Well, my man, how are you getting on, eh?" (Looking around seeing no bottles.) "Did you get that prescription filled, and take the medicine according to instructions?" The patient absent-mindedly makes some answer about the pain in his head. The wife enters in time to hear this last inquiry. "No," she answers, "he could not. We had a little money yesterday when you were here, but the collector called for the rent and we had to pay him all the money we had. The landlord has been uncommon hard on all his tenants this month. The agent says Mr. Astor, who is our landlord, is to extra expense just now; that his daughter Miss Carrie is getting married today, and that he is to extra expense, and his tenants must be on time."

Next Scene.

(Sixth story tenement house, two small, dingy back rooms, looking out upon a narrow court.) There is no ray of light without. Day has not broken yet; the air is cold, frosty, cheerless. A woman by the sickly glare of a small lamp is preparing a frugal meal. She lifts the coffee pot from the small stove, which contains but a mere handful of fuel; the smell from the coffee pot strongly savors of the sixth steeping. She looks at the clock and exclaims sadly to herself: "Oh, I shall have to call her now, for she will get fined or lose her place if she is late, my poor child. She is growing pale lately from hard work." The mother goes gently to the door; listens, catches the long-measured breathing of her sleeping child who is taking that repose which is so essential to the development of youth. "Ah," she says sadly, "I must call her now. She can't lose a day; we must have the rent, for Mr. Astor says he will put us out if we don't have our rent on time.

Next Scene.

Brother and sister, aged 10 and 12 years, on their way to work at 6 o'clock in the morning. "Come, Mary. Come, don't cry. I know your hands and feet are sore from that hard work yesterday; but you know Mr. Astor has increased our rent and Ma says we must work harder and longer now. And here is that fine house that Mr. Astor gave Miss Carrie yesterday." "Yes," said Mary, "Ma says we have to pay for it because he is going to increase all his tenants' rents." "Mary," says John, "you know our Sunday school teacher told us it was a sin to find fault with the rich, for they are a blessing to the poor."

L. E. P.

In the Attic.

[Translated by J. L. Loynes.]

The night-wind rushes overhead,
And whistles through the attic old;
There lie two starving souls abed,
And shivering with cold.

The one the other did bespeak,
"If thou wilt fold me in thine arm,
And press thy cheek against my cheek,
The cold will do no harm."

And then the other made reply,
"What matter hunger, cold and care,
When I may look into thine eye,
And see the love that's there?"

They kissed each other and they wept,
And sighed and talked, their care to kill,
And laughed and sang before they slept,
And then lay very still.

There came a coroner to see
The room next day, and certified
By help of a renowned M. D.
What death these two had died.

"The bitter weather, I suspect,
With want of food," his Worship saith,
"Has either been the cause direct,
Or hastened on their death.

"When frost sets in, the best of friends
Are blakets to preserve our heat.
And my good doctor recommends
Sound, wholesome food to eat."

HEINRICH HEINE.

RINGERS—BY REX.

What small entities we individuals are anyway—come out of your shell and work for the good of all humanity.

There are martyrs of many different kinds. Some have given up their lives, but I have never yet heard of one who surrendered his manhood and independence.

Workingmen, get together and study your interests—the other fellow will look out for his own.

Do not be a coward or sneak—come out boldly and say what you have to say. Life may be crushed out, but the spirit cannot be killed. We are going through this world for experience and the more varied the better.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death." I say, give me liberty and give the man who wants to prevent it death.

The old guards are still in line. The young ones are coming to time. But my friends, they have a long way to come.

Rex.

THE "SAVIORS" OF SOCIETY AT IT AGAIN.

Where Will They Begin? On La Salle St. Among the Big Robbers or in the Slums Among the Poor Prey.

Freeport, Ill., Oct. 8.—How to save Chicago, was the burden of the sermon by Bishop Wilson today, delivered to the clergymen of the Rock River conference of the Methodist church. "Sacrifice" was his title, and he declared that the second city of the country was a field which demanded the service of devoted ministers.

So Chicago is to be "saved" again! We were laboring under the impression that our own Chief Collins and our "reform" Mayor Dunne had undertaken that job. But, as the church and state are always twins, there is room in the same bed for both of them.

Now, where, pray, are these "Saviours" going to begin? Are they going to attack the gilded temples of thieves, along LaSalle street, where the people's hard earnings are collected and then squandered lavishly in watered stocks, fraudulent bond issues, champaigne suppers with their bedizen mistress' "doggies" with tailor made suits, and other large sums sent to Europe to buy some old syphilis-infected lords for husbands for their daughters? Is it here where the "Saviours" are going to begin their work, with Chief Collins to lead the van? Or are they going to follow the example of Jesus, whom they profess to represent, and walk straight into the Board of Trade, and fire that gang of thieves out of there, whose only occupation is to deal in "futures", which in plain language means, that they steal the farmers grain faster than he can raise it. If these are the places where they are going to in their "saving" business, we can all shout, Amen!

But we know only too well that these are NOT the places marked for attack. We know they will "save" the city by yanking up some few poor devils who are hobbling along the street and send them off to the workhouse, and they will rake in a number of those poor miserable, unfortunate female wrecks from the street, send them "up" for a time, and then turn loose upon the community again with hearts more hardened and lives more embittered than ever.

After this "monkey" business has been gone through with for a time, Chief Collins will issue a long drawn out statistical report recording the number of arrests made and wind it up by declaring the city has been "saved".

In the meantime, the "Saviours" in the church will iron their hypocritical faces out to the required length and deliver homilies to the working man on how that nickel's worth of beer which he rushes out at noon to drink or that he takes in the evening is an extravagant custom, and if persisted in will keep him poor and eventually send his poor miserable soul to burn in hellfire and damnation. So the fake saving business goes merrily on. Nobody is saved, nobody is made one whit better. The jails are enlarged, additions are built to penetentiaries, new work houses are erected, horrible murders shock society more frequently than ever, the hangman is kept busier than ever. And why is all this? Because so few people will tell the truth, and fewer still will listen to it when told to them, and fewer still will act in defence of their right to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," which means that the earth and the fullness thereof belongs of right to the whole people. When this principle is understood and acted upon, the big robbers will have to earn an honest livelihood, the small fry thieves will follow suit, the whole moral stamini of society will be improved, and crime will cease, because people will learn that it makes them happier to live upright and be social than the reverse. Until we have inculcated in the unit s of the social body the spirit of justice and right living and then placed the means of life in the reach of all, the "Savions" of society will work to no purpose.

L. E. P.

The Struggles and the Result of a Girl Who Took the Advice of Some of Our Millionaire Phylantrops, that the Road to Oppulance Lay in "Saving."

LIVING ON $2 A WEEK.

Editor of the Worker's Magazine: If applied to a better cause the story of the man who saved $5,000 in three years would command admiration for his perseverance, his sticktoitiveness, but I am afraid he is an out and out "grouch", with the meanest, most mercenary feeling with regard to every one and every thing.

I know, for I tried it! On a salary of $6 a week I rented a room at $1—a room in which I had to light the lamp at noon in order to see. For breakfast I had—well, fresh air may not be filling or nourishing, but it does well, I assure you. I think, or thought, people ate too much anyway. On my way to work I bought half a pie for 5 cents, and this, with a glass of water, constituted my lunch. On my way home from work I invested another 5 cents in cakes or cookies, which, eaten in solitary grandeur in my own room, constituted my supper, aided by mentally devouring the contents of a daily paper, which extravagance I pardoned because it helped fill up.

On Saturday afternoon I did my washing, thus saving on one of the most extravagant items in a girl's expense account. So out of my salary I managed to save about $4, and probably I had my eye on a thousand dollar mark, too, and might have made it if—well, if I had not broken down, not physically, but mentally.

At first I thought it was fun, and was proud of my accomplishment, but the time came, and soon, when a sense of my utter loneliness reached out and gripped me and I felt the need of that companionship and friendship which every woman must and will have. I tried to be brave (or more grouchy), and fought against it for awhile, but night after night I cried myself to sleep after digging way down under the covers to shut out the sound of the laughing children playing under my window, a sound which told me of home, and other noises of the street which told me that outside there were living, moving, breathing things of which I was a part, and I felt like sitting up in bed and shrieking.

I struggled awhile longer, and then, sick at heart, I answered the call of the wild and gave up. But I am not ashamed of it because I failed. I would rather, a thousand times rather, save less and live like a human with other humans than become so sordid and saving-saturated that I would allow it to influence me over things which should be nearer my heart.—Elizabeth Breton, in Chicago Tribune.

THE LIBERATOR

A WEEKLY DEVOTED TO REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA ALONG LINES OF ANARCHISTIC THOUGHT

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The Editor does not necessarily indorse all views expressed by contributors, but as the LIBERATOR is a free Forum we invite and welcome contributions upon all subjects pertaining to liberalism.

Personalities will be rigidly excluded; we are working for the good of humanity at large.

THE FALL OF ROME.

Among the illuminated placards of Kiralfy's spectacular production, "The Fall of Rome," is one of suggestive interest. It represents a band of Christian martyrs grouped together in the arena of the Colliseum. A huge lion is just entering, and others are seen behind him eagerly snuffing the air. Around the amphiteatre are crucified martyrs covered with pitch and burning, thus serving as torches to illuminate the scene. The small group in a moment more will be beneath the fangs of the hungry beasts.

The seats are filled with an expectant audience. This scene of blood, of men, women and children given over to wild beasts, Rome regarded as amusement. They gloated over the terror of the doomed, they eagerly watched the spring of the lion upon his prey, and hurrahed as they heard bones crushed and saw the sand reddened with innocent blood.

We turn away sick at heart, and wonder what kind of people the Romans were that they could take pleasure in such scenes of brutal carnage. We are apt to congratulate ourselves on the progress made when even the most callous among us shrink from the realistic picture.

Yes, the change has been great. We would universally deprecate giving our condemned to wild beasts, but we regard with calm indifference the slower and sadder agony to which so many are doomed. The Christians broke the law, but paid the penalty the state decreed. The working man and woman of today obey the law, and by a decree as relentless and imperative as Nero's find themselves doomed to poverty, privation and want. Women and children are compelled to toil long and weary hours for a mere pittance. Thousands of girls in this city are struggling to live upon wages which fall far below the standard of subsistence. Boys are forced into the treadmill of toil long before they are able to bear the strain.

We see misery and distress continually around us, and view it with Roman indifference. We see employes hounded by cruel and avaricious bosses, eager to turn "an honest penny" by speeding his slaves to increased exertion.

We smile at what we are familiar with, yet the time will come when hearts will shrink at the description of one of our factory hells, as we do now at Rome's brutality.

The Fall of Rome was necessary to break the ancient customs. After the fall of New York our posterity will wonder at our brutality, despise our slavish submission and speculate upon our cowardice. The interests of a large city are great, but the interests of humanity are greater. In this case the Goths and Huns are already with us. They bide the occasion.

Cease Praying and Get to Organizing.

Let us pray!

This was the burden of the cry through the long, dreary night of the middle ages. With hearts attuned to sorrow men turned their eyes to the hollow vault of heaven.

They suffered from oppression—and prayed! Goaded to forced labor like dumb brutes by fellow men—they prayed! Dying from want and famine like flies—with their last breath they prayed!

Because they prayed oppression reigned.

In time men began to think! As thought took root mind threw off its swaddling-clothes. Intellectual liberty dawned on men. Instead of praying for truth they sought it.

In their search they felt the chafing of other fetters. Divine truth was not to be sought, but explained by authoritative expositors. These said: "Let us pray." Mind said: Think!

When they prayed less and thought more religious freedom dawned.

The state succeeded the church as the dispenser of favors. The king ruled, and all the people said: "Let us pray." Petitions for royal grace was the sole road to relief.

Because they prayed oppression reigned.

Again mind began to think! As it did the royal power was undermined.

When paper prayers were succeeded by leaden ones the royal source of favors became bankrupt and disappeared.

Political freedom dawned.

The people reigned. Patriotic wind found vent in legislative halls. Tom, Dick, and Harry put Bill into office—and glorified liberty! The millenium was at hand. Every old woman was to have a spare gingham apron!

But the pressure of population increased. The iron law of wages still retained supremacy. The proletaire and poverty were still sharers of the same couch.

As to their fathers before them, the right of petition remained. With one voice they cried for relief.

They did more. They organized!

"We will elect our own gods!"

The savages beat their idols when they fail to answer prayer. Modern wisdom says: Fashion your gods first, and then "let us pray." Prayer machines, as in Thibet, receive their paper prayers, and patriotism rejoiceth!

But the experience that leads to failure excites thought.

Will political prayers achieve economic emancipation? When this thought takes root prayer ceases.

Industrial freedom cometh not by prayer, but by organization. It is not a favor bestowed, but a right seized. Turning a political prayer-mill will not achieve it. Shouting ora pro nobis will not avail you. To heaven with the priest and to hell with the politician; "we want the earth" for labor.

Because you pray your oppression endures.

Take Notice.

We are sorry to have to state to our subscribers who are sending in requests that their Subscriptions begin with No. 1, that our first issue is exhausted, consequently they can no longer begin with that number.

How the American Freeman, Sovereign and Voter is Compelled to Crawl on His Belly to Capital For a Chance to Earn a Little Bread.

SACRED RIGHTS SIGNED AWAY.

The "free" American, under the folds of the starry flag and the sanction of the Declaration of Independence, is supposed to have "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—which implies, of course, the equal protection of the laws.

When the free American happens to be a wage-worker, however, he often finds that he has to alienate some of these inalienable rights in order to get a chance to work and live—has to alienate his right to liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the protection of the law, in order to save his bare right or privilege of living.

An example of this is to be found in the following copy of a contract which every employe of the Associated Oil Company in California has to sign in order to get a job:

Copy of Agreement Signed By Minors Before Being Given Employment By Associated Oil Company.

For and in consideration of the employment of the undersigned, a minor, by the Associated Oil Company, on its San Joaquin division, and in consideration of the promise of the Associated Oil Company to pay to said minor wages for his services, and in order to induce said Associated Oil Company to employ said minor, we, the undersigned minor, and we the undersigned parents and guardian of the said minor, for and on behalf of said minor, for the considerations above stated, and for other good and valuable considerations to us and each of us in hand paid, we do hereby agree that should the said minor become injured, or be killed, while in the employ of the Associated Oil Company, either by or through the act of said minor, or by or through the act of said Associated Oil Company, or any of its employes, or by or through the failure of said Associated Oil Company to use modern appliances or tools, or by reason of the failure or neglect on the part of said Associated Oil Company in any respect whatever, we do hereby waive all claims of every kind and character for such injury or death, as against said Associated Oil Company, or any of its officers, stockholders or employes, the understanding being that the said minor is employed by the said Associated Oil Company solely and exclusively by reason of the execution of these presents by the said minor, and his parents and legal guardians.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this..... day of....., 190...

(Minor) .....(Seal)
(Father) .....(Seal)
(Mother) .....(Seal)
(Guardian) .....(Seal)

This is not an exceptional thing. There are many instances of the same sort in many industries and the courts have repeatedly held such contracts binding as against the workingman.—The New York Worker.

Yes, Dear "Worker," but history proves that all progress has been made in spite of courts decisions, and the present struggle will be no exception to the rule.

THE ENEMY AGAIN.

Woe! Woe! Woe! Anarchists Have Degenerated Into Eaters of Ice Cream Puffs Instead of Drinkers of Blood and Throwers of Bombs.

How do you like that sub-heading?

It is not mine, but was taken from the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean of Oct. 9th, 1905, and directed against Comrade Lucy E. Parsons.

The dirty little penny-a-liner swashbuckler who wrote such a statement of **a widow of one of our martyred comrades** is below the contempt of **men and women**, but as he is a minion of capitalism, we are compelled to take notice of his attack.

How dare the press allow such unfledged, inexperienced young reporters to get into print about their superiors who suffered the tortures of a crucified Christ before they were born is a mystery to one who has lived long enough to think he knew the human mind in its manifold phrases, and then to expect the masses to still remain conservative. Oh, God! what blind fools you are!

I have never before declared myself an Aanarchist, but now I come out boldly and say, "Yes, from this time on I give my energies, my heart, my brain, my life if need be, in the cause of Anarchy." Why? Because you, Mr. Capitalist, and your scumgullions are wrong, and they in principle at heart are right.

Read the Tribune of same date, Oct. 9th, 1905, and you will see another pure fabrication of the young reporter's imagination—or the dictates of his masters—to the effect that the Police Captain used personal force to prevent Lucy E. Parsons from addressing a meeting of Anarchists at the social and ball held by the Socialists and Anarchists of Chicago on Sunday, Oct. 8th.

It is a lie pure and simple. Comrade Parsons did not desire nor attempt to speak. They would like to choke off her speech as they strangled the breath out of her husband but they can't do it, unless they kill her and even if they do, they will find ten others to take her place.

We, as workingmen and workingwomen are awakening to our interests and your subterfuges.

As an old resident of Chicago, as an American citizen, as a long time acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, I denounce both reporters of the above excerpts as liars and lickspittles, and say they are not worthy to tie her shoe-string.

She is a woman who has borne more sorrows and troubles for the good of humanity than these scurrilous little writers ever heard of.

Rex.

The Shadow of the Cross

I was the world in radiant beauty shown,
Lit up by loving work and kindly deed,
Yet ere I could the vision fully heed,
A fearful shadow 'cross my path was thrown
By winds, where fever laden breaths were blown
With piercing shrieks—like demon damned that feed
In ghoulish revelry on human need,
In lands where Trade on Commerce's wing's has flown.
Yet as I longer gazed the shadow grew
To shape, where naught but eyes of leaden gloss
Showed life, and from its grief-soiled robe I knew
'Twas poverty! I woke; yet still I feel
This darksome thing across my pathway steal
Where'er I see the shadow of the cross!

LAM.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

One of our friends or comrade past the 60 years is in a precarious position and he is to raffle his Zither Harp—a very fine musical instrument; the ticket is 15 cents and can be had with us and at 111 Blue Island Ave. Any one who possibly can spare the amount for one or more tickets will be thankfully considered.

Bernard Shaw Resents Action of Librarian.

The Librarian in the New York library must have been attacked with a horrible case of the creeping "jammies, as he was reading one or more of Bernard Shaw's masterpieces. Those little creepers which he felt must have been reminders of other days, when he was in youth's full flush and glow. "What?" We think we hear the pure librarian say. "Such books as these that bring back to us the reminders of youth's indescretions, are immoral. I mean that the American youth shall be immune against receiving information in this manner; I mean that they shall receive their lessons of life as I did, by luck and chance, or "any old way." I shall adopt the tactics of the little Czar Comstock, I will call Shaw's books obscene and place them on the restricted list."

But the brilliant writer is not taken aback by our American puritans.

See what he thinks of them.

"I do not say that my books and plays cannot do harm to weak or dishonest people, they can and probably do. But if the American character cannot stand that fire even at the earliest age at which it is readable or intelligible, there is no future for America."

New York Times

LONDON, Sept. 25.—From his country home in Ireland George Bernard Shaw sends me a letter in which he replies to me the question:

"What do you think of the action of the public librarian in New York in placing your books upon the restricted list?"

Mr. Shaw writes as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Nobody outside of America is likely to be in the least surprised. Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country-town civilization after all.

"Personally I do not take the matter so lightly. American civilization is enormously interesting and important to me, if only as a colossal social expertiment, and I shall make no pretense of treating a public and official insult from the American people with indifference.

"It is true I shall not suffer either in reputation or pocket. Everybody knows I know better than your public library officials what is proper for people to read, whether they are young or old. Everybody knows also that if I had the misfortune to be a citizen of the United States I should probably have my property confiscated by some postal official and be myself imprisoned as a writer of 'obscene' literature.

"But as I live in a comparatively free country and my word goes further than that of mere officialdom, these things do not matter. What does matter is that this incident is only a symptom of what is really a moral horror both in America and elsewhere, and that is the secret and intense resolve of the petty domesticity of the world to tolerate no criticism and suffer no invasion.

"The one refuge left in the world for unbridled license is the married state. That is the shameful explanation of the fact that a journal has just been confiscated and its editor imprisoned in America for urging that a married woman should be protected from domestic molestation when childbearing.

"I am an artist, and, it is inevitable, a public moralist, and if everybody supposes that by going through a marriage ceremony or any other ceremony he can put himself outside the moral world on any subject whatever, he is mistaken.

"I have honor and humanity on my side, wit in my head, skill in my hand, and a higher life for my aim. Let those who put me on their restricted lists so that they may read me themselves while keeping their children in the dark, acknowledge their allies, state their qualifications, and avow their aims, if they dare.

In Memoriam.

This coming Eleventh of November will mark the 18th anniversary of the five-fold judicial murders perpetrated by the capitalist class of America. This event is known as the execution of the Anarchists.

It is true the foul murders took place in the jail in Chicago, State of Illinois, but the whole gang of tyrants from St. Petersburg, Russia, to San Francisco, America, on that November day sent up one wild demoniac shout of glee that "Anarchy is dead!"

This event has passed into history; time has cooled the passions and cleared the judgment of the American people. The jury who brought in the ready-prepared verdict have most of them passed away and their very names are unknown. But the great jury, the American people, are still here, and it is to these whom I wish to appeal to through the columns of THE LIBERATOR.

For this purpose, a special number of THE LIBERATOR (to be known as the 11th of November number) will be issued. In this issue there will be no attempt made to appeal, either to the sentiments or the passions of the reader, or to draw imaginary pictures. I intend to go to the records of the Cook county court and from their own evidence, I will convict the capitalistic class of the foulest judicial murder perpetrated in modern times. THE LIBERATOR will contain a truthful account of the Haymarket meeting; why it was called; who was responsible for its breaking up in disorder, then tracing all succeeding events from that time until November the eleventh, 1887, the day on which our comrades were murdered.

This 11th of November number of THE LIBERATOR will contain splendid photographs of our five comrades and will be printed on extra good paper so that the photos can be framed where desired.

This special notice is issued early to give comrades and friends time to send in orders as soon as possible so that we may know how many to print. We want to get out an eight page number, if possible, but this will depend entirely upon the orders which we receive.

The price will be $2.00 per hundred, $1.50 per fifty copies, 25c for 10 copies.

It seems to me that every single reader of THE LIBERATOR ought to know 10 persons to whom they can hand the paper who would want to know the truth about the Anarchist trial, not because they are either Anarchists or sympathisers, but just simply to learn the truth for the truth's sake. So I have reason to expect a large number of 25c orders.

Hoping to hear from comrades and friends soon, I am, yours in the cause of truth and justice,

Lucy E. Parsons.

ATTENTION.

The success of THE LIBERATOR is a pleasure to all liberty-loving Anarchists of America, and especially to our anarchist brothers and sisters who do not live in large commercial centers, but are isolated, so to speak.

THE LIBERATOR Group of Chicago enjoy themselves immensely at their regular fortnightly gatherings, where they have good music, dancing, speeches, recitations and a general good time, as well as making a little money for the paper.

The subscriptions are coming in good, and we feel encouraged to believe the various groups from New York to San Francisco will emulate the Chicago Group and hold entertainments for the good of the cause.

THE UNCONSCIOUS NEED.

The greatest human desire is the desire for happiness. The greatest human need is the need of self-expression.

In the animal world we see happiness and self-expression in beautiful relationship with all other natural worlds. The animal that has been trained in harness, the flower that is the result of persistent pruning, are interesting examples of acquiescence of man's self-conscious efforts at directing nature's forces, but the animal and the power that we most love are those that have come to our hand sfengthened and purified by the adversities of wind and weather, breathing somehow of their triumph by the wayside, and of their fitness to survive.

In the evolutionary process involving the transition of the animal into the human stage, the element of self-consciousness is introduced. This element in its early manifestations is perforce crude and imperfect. Man is first conscious of himself to only a very limited degree. His self-conscious relationship with other natural worlds than his own, is essentially evolutionary, and as in the development of the animal and the flower, he must, by the same laws, survive or perish, as the cosmic forces decide. But in his elementary stages of self-realization, man is entirely an animal and only partially a human being. At the present period of human unfoldment man has little more than a glimmer of his true nature and relationship as a self-conscious human being.

Fear was the first result of self-consciousness, as it is of every newly-recognized human condition and relationship. Man feared to trust his own nature—he did not know that he had a nature he could trust. Next to his fear of himself was his fear of his fellow-men. As the expression of his fear, and of his desire for something upon which, in his ignorance he could rely, there was evolved the idea that somewhere outside of nature there were two Gods, one to punish and destroy, the other to commend and reward.

With every step in the ladder of self-consciousness, there is in man less fear of himself and his fellow men, and more reliance upon the essential nature of things. Little by little it is seen that in the last analysis there is only good, beauty and perfection in the universe. With each new discovery in the human world, it is found that some quality or force in man that was considered useless and evil, is good and powerful in proportion as it is intelligently applied and directed.

As in the study of animal, vegetable or mineral world, we find ourselves powerless to interpret the laws governing any particular world except we study all worlds as they are harmoniously related to each other, so in the study of the human world, and of man as a being by himself we are baffled by all manner of inconsistencies. It is when we study the world of human beings as a natural world that we are able to discover relationship with all other natural worlds; that we are able to discover a beautiful pattern, the study of which gives us the laws of which we are in search.

Following the elimination of fear, and recognition and acknowledgment of so-called evil as in the ultimate good, how may we realize only good and so gratify our human desire for happiness? Upon what principle and under what system may we as individuals and as a race, fulfill our need of self-expression?

The first step toward the solution of the problem how to be happy, and how to realize our greatest need, is the recognition of the fact that the ultimate, so-called, is here and now.

Races, families, individuals, sects and institutions are by nature free to gratify the existing human desire for happiness and to realize the existing human need of full normal and complete self-expression. When man, individually and collectively, recognizes his right to freedom and self-expression, the death knell of human misery will have been sounded. When man's fear of himself and of his fellowmen, has taken its place as a back number along with other false growths that are the incidental results of his self-consciousness, a social order, upon the basis of "peace and good will," as defined by the world's great sages of all history, will have taken the place of the present brutal commercial one.

As man comes to full knowledge of the law of freedom and self-expression, and as human relationships, individually and collectively, are clarified of all semblance to fear and coercion, the neighborly love so long dreamed about and laughed at as an impossibility, will have come to the weary and overburdened, with healing in its wings.

Then will there be universal co-operation, harmony and happiness, so full of joy for all mankind that the present moment will be all inclusive and sufficient.

—Grace Moore in To-Morrow.

Every Day Reflections.

A hungry man has a bad conscience.

An empty stomach makes a brute mind.

He who wrongs one man is the enemy of all men.

Who should take the productions, the producer or the non-producer?

The links in the chain of slavery which binds labor to the boss, are food, clothing and shelter.

If you are destitute and meet another as destitute as youself, you can safely guess that the same evil thoughts that are finding place in your head, are also finding place in his.

Every labor union, based upon right principles, is a branch of modern culture planted in the vineyard of humanity—a school of true civilization and a wedge driven into the body of the present infamous society.

If it is necessary to have some one stand between the several producers to exchange their products between them, is it right that the exchanger should receive more than either of the producers?

We are told that when a man has worked hard all his life and got a little something ahead, he has a right to keep it. But how about the man who has worked hard all his life and got nothing, must he keep that too? even though his whole life has been spent in feeding, clothing and educating the little ones?

In all our large cities with their millionaires and wealth piles, starvation is very busy, not always striking the victim so obtrusively that the coroner's inquest shall preserve a record of the fret, but more often busy, quitely, in the wretched court and narrow lane, up in the garret and down in the cellar, stealing away by slow degrees the lives of the poor, as the labor movement aims at the destruction of poverty. Why should any working man hesitate to join its ranks?

SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL will be given by the LIBERATOR Publishing Group, Sat. October 31, at J. M. Fohley's Hall, (formerly Stangwell's) 235 S. Western Ave.

Comrades come out and enjoy yourselves and and help our paper at the same time.

The Wonders of Science

Under this head will be contained short sketches on scientific subjects. We wish to interest the young people in the families of LIBERATOR's subscribers. They are likely to tire of a paper which dwells too much upon the economic question only. Besides such short sketches may inspire the young people to exertions that may prove interesting to themselves and their parents.

Klamath Falls, Oregon, Sept. 29.—This is one of the oldest places in the state of Oregon. There has been a town here for half a century, and a great deal of money has been made raising sheep and cattle, but, owing to its lack of transportation facilities and inaccessibility, the town has not made much headway. Its isolation has been broken in upon, however, and Klamath Falls is bound to become a place of great importance soon because of an extensive irrigation project which the federal government has undertaken here under the reclamation act. It is proposed to redeem 250,000 acres of land at a cost of about $4,000,000. This will require a large force of laborers and an immense amount of material, which will give temporary population and activity to the town; while not less than 50,000 people will ultimately take up farms upon the reclaimed land.

On both sides of the boundary line between California and Oregon about midway between San Francisco and Portland, and about 150 miles east of the Pacific coast, between the Cascade and the main range of the Rocky Mountains, lies the Klamath Basin, an extensive tract, embracing some half a million acres of land, all of which is now practically worthless except for cattle ranges. But by drainage and irrigation it can be made worth from $50 to $250 an acre. About two-thirds of this land is in Oregon and one-third in California. The valley has a mean elevation of 4,100 feet. From north to south it is about thirty miles in length and varies in width from one to twenty-five miles. About 20,000 acres are now under cultivation. The remainder is used for pasturage.

* * *

About one-half of the Klamath Basin is occupied by a string of lakes, the largest of which are known as Upper Klamath, Lower Klamath, Tule, Clear and Goose lakes, with several other bodies of water of lesser importance. It is proposed to drain Lower Klamath Lake, which has an area of 60,000 acres, an average depth of eight feet and an elevation of 4,142 feet, and Tule Lake, which has an area of 90,000 acres, varies from five to twenty-five feet, and has an elevation of 4,684 feet. Several smaller lakes and swamps which surround them will also be drained and reclaimed. The bottoms of these lakes are known to be of fertile soil. At one time, according to the traditions of the Indians, both of them were dry, or at least were very much smaller than they are now. The main trail used by the Indians going north and south in the Klamath country used to cross what is now Lower Klamath Lake.

Upper Klamath Lake and Clear Lake are to be made permanent reservoirs, to receive and store the drainage of the surrounding mountains for irrigation purposes, and a system of canals will be dug to carry away the surplus water into the Klamath River, which flows through the valley sluggishly from north to south for a distance of twelve miles, then turns abruptly to the west and dashes through a picturesque canyon to the Pacific. To drain the two lakes mentioned a canal fifteen miles long, with a grade of 200 to 300 feet, will be dug from them to the river, which will carry off all of the water.

* * *

When the lakes are drained and their bottoms become dry irrigation will be necessary for their cultivation as well as upon the uplands, but in Upper Klamath Lake nature has not only provided an ample reservoir and all the water that can possibly be needed, but has formed the topography so as to make its use simple and convenient. The main canal, which will distribute the water throughout the west part of the Klamath Basin, will be forty miles long, with fifty miles of laterals and waste canals. It will have a slope of one foot to the mile. In order to reach parallel valleys tunnels are being bored through intervening ridges. The east side of Klamath Valley will be supplied with water from Clear Lake, which will be made a reservoir large enough to receive and store the drainage of a large area. A third reservoir will be built in what is known as Horsefly Valley, to supply land that is slightly higher than Clear Lake.

Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Humphreys, the engineers in charge, tell me that they have found no difficult engineering problems. Nature has done almost everything for them. The water supply is abundant, the reservoirs are already created, and it is only necessary to build dams to enlarge them and canals to distribute the water as needed. The work has already commenced. Some years ago a private corporation undertook to utilize the natural advantages and reclaimed a large area in the valley, but was compelled to suspend operations for want of capital. The government has purchased its lands and machinery and has indemnified it for the work already done.

* * *

A considerable part of the private lands are now offered for sale at prices ranging from $10 to $50 an acre, according to its location and the quality of the soil. Information on this subject can be obtained from the secretary of the Water Users' Association, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Klamath Valley is surrounded by magnificent forests of pine and red fir. The timber resources of the immediate region have been estimated by experts as high as 15,000,000,000 feet, which is now being slowly cut by half a dozen sawmills. The surrounding mountains and foothills, which are beyond the reach of irrigation, afford excellent pasturage, and even now an average of 25,000 head of beef cattle are driven to market annually, and a proportionate number of sheep and horses. Most of the horses raised here are sold to the United States army.

* * *

The reclaimed land is very rich. It grows all kinds of grain and vegetables, and especially celery, asparagus, potatoes and forage plants for dairy cattle. The climate is similar to that of central New York state. The lakes and rivers are filled with fish, and the swamps are swarming with duck, geese and other birds. Crater Lake, of which I wrote you yesterday, is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world, and as soon as transportation facilities are afforded will attract large parties of tourists during the summer season.

Klamath Falls is a pretty place and has an enterprising people.

William E. Curtis.

The Power of Niagara Falls.

The latest auguries on Pennsylvania coal predict its abdication of New York power in favor of Lake Erie water within ten years. "This must be," says Alton D. Adams, "because the great cataract develops power more cheaply than any steam plant, and electric energy is transmitted over wires at a cost below the charge of the railways for carrying coal." At this time the prospect for Niagara power in New York is much increased by the certainty that the great generating plants now under construction at the falls cannot find a nearer profitable market. The length of a transmission circuit between these points may fairly be taken as 350 miles. This is a greater distance than electric power has ever been transmitted for commercial purposes. On the other hand, it is well known that the greater the amount of power the longer the distance becomes to which transmission is practicable. The Niagara-New York mileage is greater only 50 per cent than the line from De Sabla power house to Sausalito, Cal., 232 miles, which delivers perhaps 10,000 horse power to a number of cities about San Francisco Bay, whereas Niagara's generating capacity will soon exceed 600,000 horse power.

READ THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE AND ALLOW THE SEEDS OF REVOLT TO SINK DEEP IN YOUR HEART.

The following are the excesses of the money-mad rich that make revolutions not only inevitable, but necessary.

Some day the sweating, pinching wage slaves in the cities and mortgage-burdened farmers, who must foot the bills for "doggy's" tailor made garments, while their own children are forced to go dressed in cheap, shoddy rags, will call for a balancing of accounts with the rich loafers, then this world is going to hear something fall!

Our reason for giving the disgusting cablegram (mind you, cablegram describing dog's clothing!) space in THE LIBERATOR, is in the hope that it may cause such a deep-seated detestation of the mad excesses of the rich that they will simply not be tolerated by the people, then only will the end come, peaceably, if it can, forcibly, if it must.

Read the following article, ye slave, and allow the seeds of discontent to fruitify in your hearts!

TAILOR MADE COAT LATEST THING FOR STYLISH DOGS.

(By Cable to Chicago Tribune.)

London, Sept. 16.—The fashion in costumes for canine pets is occupying the attention of London women who own dogs, according to a woman who "does" dogs for titled people in addition to conducting at Pinner a week end fresh air resort for stylish canines whose delicate constitutions are not equal to the contuous strain of the London season.

There is now a wardrobe which is complete in all details for driving in the park or making calls. Doggy should wear a neat, tailor made coat to supersede the sealskin jackets of last winter designed to protect the dog's chest while in a carriage or automobile. The handkerchief, and, by the way, every well cared for pet has one, is sometimes carried in a purse at the end of the leash, and then again, to be thoroughly in fashion the dog dons a silk or satin bow, which must be of massive proportions worn at the side of the face under one ear and not on top of the head.

Besides, the shade of the dog's bow must match some prominent feature in its mistress' attire, generally the trimming on the hat. This rule often causes great anxiety, because only certain colors which will match the pet's coat of blue, pink, or red does well with black. Poodle blue is preferred for Blenheims, but any color may be used for black and tans except green. The perfumes are simpler. The mistress invariably has her darling perfumed with the scent she herself uses.

There is little new in the matter of dog jewelry. In some cases gold bracelets set with gems are worn on the forepaws, and, of course, the jeweled collars bearing the owner's crest, when there are crests, still remain stylish. Boots are quite gone out of fashion, as it was found they made the dog's feet look longer than they actually were.

"OLD JACK IS DEAD"

(Continued from page 1)

of public grief! He is gone, but his inheritance remains!

For such as he no monumental shaft will rise, or sculptured tablet record his virtues to the public.

But the keen sense of wrong, the feeling of impotence before misery, the griefs unmoaned, the sighs suppressed, the desires dwarfed, the stunted aspirations for freedom are not less real that he is gone. They were not poured out into the brazen arch of heaven to be echoed back in derisive laughter, they have become ingrafted into the flesh and bone of humanity; they constitute the aliment on which generation are fed until—

When?

Until the day when human endurance shall cease, and discover that what has been bred into its form and frame has, indeed become brawny muscle! Until the day when the accumulation of inarticulate groans, dumb struggles and speechless prayers shall have found voice! Until muscle and voice henceforth in hearty unison shall proclaim the day of judgment!

And then?

Then the bells may toll, the banks close, Wall street brokers wear crape, and notes go unshorn. Inverted column rules will be in demand, clerical sympathy at a premium, and church and state bewail more than one illustrious death.

Sleep on, old Jack! Thy life passed in unrequited toil was not in vain. Thy battles for "bread and butter" for the loved ones were not barrenless of results.

Thy life was a seed—a seed containing a living germ. Without such as thee where hopes of the harvest? Many more like thee are dead and buried; to men unknown, to humanity dear. The seeds will germinate—the fields are even now almost white to the harvest, and wave welcome to the reapers!

The day dawneth! The hill tops are already radiant with ruddy tints! The steel to carve "Old Jack's" epitaph is already forged!

"Close ranks!"

C. S.

Evidently the soul saving business doesn't pay in this age of science and sane reasoning, from the fact that the pulpit-pounders are doing their level best to break into the labor organizations. The lowly Nazarine whom they profess to be followers of, was not going around begging for admittance to the councils of the common people, but his simple words of truth and practice so touched the hearts of the multitudes that they followed him voluntarily.

Go thou and do likewise, ye hypocrites!

We clip the following from an exchange:

"How the church may be of assistance to workingmen and how workingmen may aid in extending the sphere of influence of the church is a problem that is being worked out by Rev. Charles Stelze, superintendent of the department of church and labor of the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church."

The "missionary" work for these gentlemen of the cloth to engage in is among the rich thieves, not the poor devils.

Yom Kipur Ball.

We cannot give a complete statement of the Yom Kipur Ball, owing to the fact that all moneys have not been collected for tickets. There is at present by the treasurer T. Kleinman, cash on hand, which is clear profit—$31.55.

Hoping all comrades will hasten the settlement of the tickets, we remain, for the cause of Liberty,

The Committee.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Under the above head will be continued for a few weeks brief sketches of the lives of women who have contributed their share in building the world's history. While the editor will contribute a number of these sketches we also invite others, especially women, to send in brief sketches of famous women, if any such occur to their minds. Let these sketches be well stated, short and to the point. We hope if any are sent in that they will be far superior to those which we write ourselves.

The Life Story of Jenny Lind.

Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness of art. Through her I learned that we must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men, have had a more ennobling influence upon me, as a poet, than Jenny Lind, "Hans Christian Anderson."

Great musicians, singers and players labor under heavier disadvantages in convincing posterity of their right to fame than do other children of genius. This is mainly due to the fact that they must appeal largely to the sentiments of their audiences. Singers and musicians, to succeed, must possess that indefinable charm that take captive their audiences and hold them spellbound, as it were.

Jenny Lind seems to have passed this gift to such a remarkable degree that she easily takes her place as one of the famous song birds of the stage, of modern times.

We quote from Jenny Lind's biographer:

"As a child of three she imitated upon the piano the fanfare of the street buglers; and through her girlhood the superabundance of music in her found expression in every step and bound that her restless feet made. Until 9 years old she had no more appreciative audience than her blue-ribboned cat, to which she sang by the hour till the wonder of her childish voice attracted the attention of an actress boarding in the neighborhood. Jenny Lind's mother, a governess embittered by her hard struggles to support husband and children, was with difficulty persuaded by this actress to subordinate her burgher prejudices to the future of the child and consent to having the little girl's voice tested at the Royal Theater. Jenny Lind describes herself at that time as "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, gauche, undergrown girl"; yet the rare promise in her voice cast her awkwardness so entirely in the background that the head of the theater agreed to take the 9-year-old child and educate her at the government expense for the next ten years.

The "actress-pupil Lind" found this theatrical training always invaluable to her. Her position, however, was by no means a sinecure, and her efforts to make restitution for the drill and expense bestowed upon her would have broken down a less rugged constitution. At 10 she played the part of Angela in "The Polish Mine"; at 13 she appeared in twenty-two performances; but not until she was 17, after having appeared on the stage 111 times for her board and clothes, did the directors decide to allow her a small salary for her services."

Jenny Lind went to Paris at the age of 18 to study the technique of music. After many triumphs in Europe she toured America under the management of P. T. Barnum. Having experienced the bitter pangs of poverty in her young days, on her arrival in America, she sought to alleviate the poverty of many children whom she knew were to be found here, as elsewhere. Her first concert, given on her arrival in New York, netted $10,000, half of which she gave to institutions for children. Of the proceeds of her American tour she gave $40,000 to charities. In her 31st year she married Otto Goldschmidd. She declared afterward that her life was so happy, that all her heart's desires had been fulfilled.

"All her contemporaries declare the magic of her voice was as nothing to the personality of the woman. So keen was her intellectual grasp of the topics, the problems of the day, so noble yet so kindly withal was her conception of life and its duties, that those who were uplifted by the charm of her voice declared, like the mother of Dean Stanley, that they "would rather hear Jenny talk than sing." Back of all charm lay the goodness of the woman—a simple-hearted goodness which leveled all class distinctions, which converted the skeptic and strengthened the believing—the perfect flowing of a deeply practical, religious nature upon which had been grafted the marvelous gift of music. The master spring of her life was optimistic, and therefore helpful. She said that she was glad from morning till night, as who would not be, intrusted with the guardianship of so great a gift—the gift that she enjoyed so much since she saw by using it how happy she could make others.

Surrounded by her happy children and grandchildren, she died as beautifully as she had lived. Stretching out her hands to the sunlight coming in through the shutters which her daughter had just opened, there burst from her lips the first notes of her favorite, 'An den Sonnenschein,' and so singing, there passed into the eternal sunshine Jenny Lind, one of the most helpful geniuses that the world has ever known.

Next week's LIBERATOR will contain a biographical sketch of Florence Nightingale.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAN WE FIND THE WAY?

We all feel that it is our mission to tell the rest of the people what must be done in order to change things and make life worth living for the suffering multitudes. The less an individual knows about the great universe and the great array of forms of life therein, the more she or he feels the impulse to teach other's that little and impress them with the supposed fact, that it is all there is to be known and that it is all clear and true. The more one knows, the more one feels the vastness of the field of knowledge. The impossibility for one creature to know it all, dawns upon one with a great willingness to learn in all corners, from all sources, all beings and things. One feels the necessity of learning, far more than the ability to teach. Still, all these little teachers are doing a necessary work, and help to move things onward even if the teachings are faulty. Sometimes we hear people cry, "O! for a man who could show us the way out of these dreadful conditions, of robbery, murder, and swindle!" Why not a woman? It seems men have bungled at it long enough. Perhaps women can do better. In fact, I know they will do better. And what if someone would tell us just what to do? Would we be willing to listen and to learn? Would we not say? "the crazy ideas!"

When we build a house we call an architect to draw the plans, we trust him. We let such people do such work about the structure as they have learned to do well and we trust them with their work. When we look at our social and economic structure, we find most people doing work that they do not understand. They are not holding their positions by virtue of the necessary knowledge but by virtue of what is usually called a "pull." The people who have the knowledge have not much of a chance these days. You must be a first-class bungler. You must be able to make black appear white and white black in order to get a good position in business or in the so-called governmental affairs. This is not going to last. All teachings were new at one time. Be they religous, economic, social or scientific teachings. They were born like struggling babes, like tender sprouts. They were surrounded by oppositions, storms and adversities. Nevertheless, many grew very great. But as every new thing is born, as it were, it likewise has to die.

Our institutions and teachings are all crumbling, but we don't notice it. We think they need repairing. The truth is, they are dying. Some are already dead, and if we knew it, we would bury them.

To change things, and make something new at all times, is a universal law.

New children, whether they were new teachings, religious or inventions, have grown in spite of powerful oppositions of majorities; of man-made laws or of state-craft, and always will grow. There are a number of them growing right now, and most people know nothing about it.

We might have an architect in our midst who could draw the outlines for a great social structure with the lines of unity clearly drawn; who could show us how to organize a collective society, wherein the individual would have plenty of room, sunshine and soil, to have his individuality blossom and bear fruit for the joy of all others. Such work would require great study. Are we willing? The building of a house represents many years of study, of many individuals. Why not plan our cities, villages, townships, counties, states and countries, in fact the earth as a whole, in the same way we plan a house or an office building as a whole? Will we grow great enough, broad enough, kind and noble enough to learn to do that systematically? We are so used to being cheated and lied to as well as lied about. There is a way by which we can prevent ourselves from harming each other even if we retain the tendencies and impulses for lying and cheating.

We are at a stage of development, where a change is imperative. It will not be a change of minds, of social and commercial affairs alone; but a change of all nature. We find the seasons changing, and here and there new plants, fruits and animals appear. With it comes, a newer, grander perception of life.

We are appalled at the millions of beings who suffer in the midst of plenty. There is luxury, revelry, overbilled store-houses, beautiful empty homes, plenty of fuel and clothing and all kinds of good and useful knowledge that can not be used. There are millions of beings hungry, naked, homeless and sorrowful. We are told God will fix it all right. The Bible says: "Knowledge is God and God is knowledge." Then why don't we learn?

Fabius Silvain.

SOLICIALISM VS. ANARCHISM.

Toronto, Canada, Oct. 7, '05.

To the Editor of LIBERATOR:

Comrade—I have read your paper with a great deal of pleasure, and have been specially interested in the articles of C. L. James written under the caption "What is Anarchy?"

Now as a Socialist I wish to disagree with Comrade James and all other Anarchists.

Your teachings are that individualism is the whole aim and object of liberty-loving people and that to reach that end you are ready to crush the individual liberty of others.

We as Socialists do not believe in individualism, except in private and personal matters, but in communism or collectivism, as so ably put by one of your contributors, who signed himself Rex.

Let us look at the matter squarely as it now stands: You want to do away with all government—army, navy, constabulary, police magistrates, justices of the peace, etc., etc., and think you would then have reached the millenium because you could do as you pleased—as Comrade James said—only he made it stronger. I do not impute you would abuse this freedom, but I do say it is entirely impossible because the other fellow has to be reckoned with.

Now what in the name of all that is holy would you do with the present members of the constabulary, police force, etc? Turn them loose on society? That would make conditions worse than at present. We say, put them to work and let us all share and share alike. "He that worketh not, neither shall he eat."

I have stated your view of Anarchy, now let me state mine of Socialism.

We should have a paternal or communistic form of government where all will do their share of the producing and likewise the consumption, so that each and every one must work for just exactly what they get, and there will be no idlers, as at present, and a working man or woman may have all the necessities as well as all of the luxuries of life and capitalism will be entirely abolished.

This is simple and straightforward doctrine, while that of Anarchism is individualistic and complex, and as a Socialist I beg leave to object to your teaching, because you are simply following in the footsteps of our common enemy, the capitalist, and would do exactly as he does were you in a position to do so.

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